Under an elm tree broad and tall,
And rollicking children in laughing bands,
Come at the master's warning call.
They pile together their sleds and skates,
Hang hats and hoods in the cutry way,
And gathering pencils, books and slates,
Diligent study succeeds to play.
A mountain stream turns a gray stone mill,
That runs with a low and slumbrous sound
And there in fancy I wander still,
Teaching school and boarding around.

Near by a farm-house large and square,
With doors and easements of faded red,
A stoop that shades from the summer glare
And wood well piled in the sheltering shed
There's an ancient bara with swallow holes
High in the gable three in a line:
The lithe bay colt in the deep snow rolls;
From racks of hay feed the da c'le kine.
Closety are buddled the thorous sheep. ely are huddled the timorous sheep As the flalls resound from the thrashir

floor:
The pilfering poultry stealthily creep
And silently watch at the open door
For each stray kernel of shelling grain.
Full of content was the lot I found
Among the farm-folk, honest and plain,
Teaching school and boarding around.

The farmer's table has lavish supplies:
Chicken, and sausage of flavor rare,
Crullers and cookies, and puddings and
Are teems rich in the bill of fare.
The teacher sleeps in a wide, soft bed,
Kept clean for guests in the great server.

room,
With gay caintz curtains over his head
And blankets wove in the old hand-loom.
The thrifty wife ere the break of day
Springs from her rest though the morn

and breakfast ended we haste away
O'er the shining crust to the district school Here morals are pure and manners sincere, And men in the church and state renowned Have made the first step in a grand career, Teaching school and boarding around.

In the moonlight evening long and still
The youth assemble from many a farm:
Though the air without was crisp and chill,
There's a bright wood fire and a welco

Nuts and apples are passed around, The hands of the clock get a backward

The hands of the clock get a backward turn.

Innocent frolic and mirth abound
Till low in their sockets the candles burn.

Young men and maidens of artless ways
Are drawn together in groups like this;
Their hands are joined in the rural plays,
And sweet lips met in their gulleless kiss;
Twin hearts are linked with a golden chain,
And lose with marriage was early crowned. And love with marriage was early crowned How oft I dream I am there again,

AND CUPIDITY,

- OR-

THE FORTUNES OF A HUNTED HEIRESS.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ABSCONDED-THE STARTLING DISCOVERY OF MADGE HOLLY-THE ESCAPE.

The consternation of the Bascombe family next morning upon knocking at the chamber door of Mrs. Vickory, and finding that she had disappeared was exceedingly great. The Docto

The Doctor was astounded. Tom was disgusted, and Mrs. Bascombe, though amazed, was greatly relieved. She fully appreciated the great scandal the household had escaped by the sudden disappearance of the would be murderess; for, had the facts in the case become known, has been that the family would be the she knew that the family would be the talk of the country for some time to come, not counting the excitement necessarily incident to an arrest and trial of the prisoner, for of course all the parties interest-ed would figure in the case which would be well entitled to rank with couses colore among the legal frateroity; so Mrs. Mari-on, in opposition to her brother Tom, thought the escape of Mrs. Vickory a ve-

ry fortunate circumstance indeed.

Of course it was kept from Gertrude, who was only informed that the woman had gone back to Mrs. Moriarty's her health having given way under so much

anxiety and work.

Mrs. Vickory did not leave Bellville
Park till nearly dawn—it was still storming very hard when, with her few things
in a little bundle, she crept noiselessly
down stair, and made her way out of the house, and walked rapidly in the direction of the city, where she arrived in less than an hour wet and worn out. She im-mediately directed her steps to the boarding-house of Mrs. Moriarty, and found that good lady already astir. She gave Mrs. M. a very sufficient excuse for her sudden appearance; informed her that Miss Weldon was quite well, and that she intended returning to her as soon as she collected her things, and that she intend-ed to remain with Gertrude until the latter convalesced.

Then she retired to her ro-m and began to hastily pack up her things and get her trunk ready for immediate departure. While she was thus busily engaged, Madge Holly who occupied Gertrude's room next door, heard of her arrival, and

arose and hurriedly began dressing her-self, as she wished to ascertain from Mrs. Vickory all about her dear friend Ger-trude; Madge not having called at Bell-ville Park for pearly a week—for she was in the babit of going there now and then on the invitation of Mrs. Bascombe. When she had finished dressing Madge

came forth and thoughtlessly push the door of Mrs. Vickory's room and was about to enter, when she paused on the threshold almost froze with consternation and horror.

The woman she beheld standing before ner was no longer Mrs. Vickory, but Martha Markham, the house-keeper of Win-demere—there she stood divested of her disguise, tall, straight and defiant—her face pale, though her black eyes flamed with passion and vimilictiveness as she realized the fact of her detection.

"Come in," she whispered in a low voice, approaching the dazed girl, who had reason to know her well, as the reader will soon learn if he has not already divined soon learn it he has not arready drived the mystery—and dragging her into the apartment said: "I see that you have recognized me! If you utter but a sin-gle word while I am in this room Madagle word while I am in this room Mada-line, I will kill you. I am a desperate woman. Sit down there and remember," she hurried into the girl's ear as she pointed to a chair standing behind the

The terrified girl obeyed her without a word. She sat in fear and trembling while the woman hastily locked her trunk and deted her arrangements for leaving

Having done this, and throwing a veil over her face she stepped out upon the landing and called for Mrs. Moriarty—the latter was about to come up when Mrs.

Markham said:
"No need to come up, just send a servant for a carriage, and be quick if you

please."
The landlady instantly obeyed, and, in about ten minutes, a carriage which was passing on its way to the early trains, pulled up before the door.

Mrs. Markham had her trunk carried down, and as the man disappeared with it, the woman turned to Madge Holly and

"Now Madaline I am going, and I want you to promise me that you will not open your lips for one hour after I leave here—but that you will return to your noom and there remain until you hear the breakfast bell—promise, or—"

Frightened and confused the poor girl gave the pledge required of her and entered her chamber.

A few minutes afterwards the carriage rolled away from the door of Mrs. Moriar-

ty's boarding-house in the direction of the

Mrs. Markham, alias Mrs. Vickory gnashed her strong white teeth with rage, as she reflected on the terrible discovery of Madge Helly—until that moment she had been secure and might have defied the world to find her as Mrs. Vickory; now her soul was filled with apprehension, and she vainly tried to see a way out of the fearful labyrinth in which she had

suddenly become involved.

While thus thinking she arrived at the depot, and dismissing the carriage, purchased a ticket and took her seat in the cars—a few minutes later the steam whis-tle sounded, and the long train went thun-dering on its way to Boston.

When Madge heard the breakfast bell, she rushed from her room fully dressed,

and engaging a carriage was soon rolling over the road to Bellville Park.

When she arrived there she asked immediately for Mrs. Bascombe, who cordially welcomed her. To her she related the discovery she had made, and when this was done, she was admitted to the chamber of Gertrude who welcomed her

Our heroine improved marvellously the last few days, the poison had been driven from her system, and all that she now required was nourishment and rest, when, in a few days, she would be as well and blooming as ever.

Acting on the advice of Mrs. Bascombe Madaline said nothing about her discovery in relation to Mrs Vickory—she spent a very pleasant hour with Gertrude and then returned home, not torgetting, however, to tell Miss Weldon that the preparations for her marriage with John Sanborn were already far advanced; so far indeed that she had already left the mill for "good and all."

Mrs. Bascombe, the Doctor and Tom

Mrs. Bascombe, the Doctor and Tom neld a council together, as to what had better be done regarding the woman Vick-ory or Markham as they now styled her, and here let me state that Mrs. Marion related all that Gertrude had confided to her, much to the surprise of Tom, and his friend, the doctor, what that was the patient reader will soon learn if he has

ot already discovered. It was finally concluded that nothing should be done in the matter of the poison until Miss Weldon had thoroughly con-

The house grew very pleasant after the departure of the crime-stained Markhan and all were overjoyed at the fact that the awful cause of Gertrude's strange illness was discovered and conquered.

IN WHICH MR. OSBORN SKEES AND PINDS AND BARHARA IN MADE HAPPY.

When Barbara received the mysterious package from the hands of the young lawyer, she hurried to her temporary lodgings, impatient to ascertain its con

Arriving there she opened it without delay, and found therein a letter from Mr. Burr, in which that gentleman stated he had reason to believe that she was the daughter of the writer of several letters which he had enclosed, and the original of a portrait which accompanied them.— He requested her to examine the letters and portrait, and if his surmises were correct desired that she would bring with her to his office, such letters, papers, and other proofs of the fact as she might have in her possession, belonging to her mother, father or herself, and if these proved sat-isfactory, he would place her in possession of certain information which would be

greatly to her advantage.

She then examined the letters, and portrait, and was astonished to find the former written by her mother, and the latter a photograph of herself taken when she was about eight years of age.

She easily recalled the circumstances under which her mother left New Hampshire on the death of her father, and a brief search enabled her to find numerous documents—among them a marriage ertificate—a proof of her mother's union with Mr. Glendon, after the death of her first bushand; and an old Bible which her uncle Jonathan Osborn, had given to her mother many years before, on the fly leaf

These things she carefully packed up, and with them went to the office of law-yer Burr. She found Sam alone and dis-

engaged. "I have acted on your instructions, Mr Burr, and have brought a number of let-ters and other papers, together with this Bible which will show satisfactorily, I think that the letters that you intrusted

to me were written by my mother, and that the picture is the portrait of myself, taken many years ago."

With that she passed her papers into the hands of the lawyer, who began to examine them with considerable eager-

In a few minutes he had completed his inspection of the documents—and then laying his hand on the old family Bible he

"This alone satisfies me that you are the person we are in search of. Your uncle, whose name is written in this book, is still alive and in excellent health, besides being blessed with a very large fortune. He has been endeavoring to find you for a long time as he contemplates making you his sole heiress. I suspected from the moment of seeing the photograph that you were the missing one—and now Miss Barbara let me congratulate you on this sudden and happy change in your for-

Barbara had listened to the lawyer with varied emotions—but when he congratu-lated her on her good fortune, and spoke of the happy change, the poor girl burst

into tears.
She could not help it.
"Happy, Mr. Burr!" she exclaimed in a neart-broken voice—"on this whole earth there is not a more miserable creature than I am! Wealth cannot bring back to me what I have lost! Ah, you do not know-jou do not know-there is no more

appiness for me!"

And she bowed her head in her hands and sobbed with overpowing grief.

"What can it be that causes you all this meety? There are but few sorrows in this world but what can be cured by time

"Time!" she exclaimed springing to her feet—"it may cure ills of the flesh, ay, and ills of the mind—but there is one

thing for which time has no remedy—"
"And what may that be?"
"Dishonor! Dishonor, sir!" and she sank back in her seat, and again buried

ber face in her hands.

"Has Phillip Blake deserted you?"—
asked the young lawyer in a cool slow

Had a cannon been fired close to her car she could not have started more sud-

she could not have started more sud-denly.

"Phillip Blake—Phillip Blake! What do you know of Phillip Blake!" and she turned her black eyes burning with as-tonishment full upon him.

"I know that you married him!"

"Married him! Hat ha!" the laugh was

short and sharp—"you know nothing of the kind sir—he never married me—the ceremony was false—false as his own black, murderous heart. He betrayed me foully with the assistance of another villain as false as himself!"

"If there is a married woman in this world Barbara, you are one?"
"Why do you taunt me? What do you mean?"

And Barbara arose, moved towards him nd stood wildly gazing down upon his alf-smiling face.

"I mean I was there and saw you mar-"You—were—there—and—saw—me-married! Impossible—none were there save the two villains who wrought m

"John Sanborn was there and another

"My God, sir, tell me what you mean ou are driving me mad—tell me wh

ou mean! "I am a Justice of the Peace, Barbara! It was I who married you, and you are as firmly and legitimately bound as ever your father and mother were. But listen nd I will tell you."

And Sam went on and told the whole story of the marriage and how it was brought about through the efforts of John Sanborn, Dick and himself. When he had concluded, Barbara, for

the second time in her life had fainted. When consciousness returned, and Bar-bara Blake was herself again—a new light shone in her eyes and a happy su wreathed her still quivering lips as a said-"God has been good to me-oh how can I ever thank Him-and you and

Before the lawyer could answer, the door opened and Mr. Osborn, accompani-ed by John Sanborn came into the office, "Don't let me interrupt you Mr. Burr," cried the former, as he saw a lady sitting ear the desk. "I can call again-

who—why!"
Something seemed suddenly to have come over Mr. Jonathan Osborn, his eyes chanced to slight on the face of Barbara, and he stood spell-bound muttering unintelligently to himself.

Sam enjoyed it for

Sam enjoyed it for a moment, and then said coolly—"Mr. Oaborn this lady is your neice, Barbara Blake." "My God, I thought so:" and the old gentleman flung his hat and cane on the floor, and throwing his arms about the amazed girl kissed her fondly; and then holding her out at arm's length he ex-claimed:

"You're the very image of your mother, child, and it makes my old heart young again to see you." Barbara could not help loving the honest old man, whose heart overflowed with such kindly affection.

He recognized the Bible in an instant, when it was shown to him, though he de-clared he wanted no better proof of identification than the face of Barbara her

At the young lady's request the story of her marriage was related to Mr. Os born, who at first was terribly indignant, but finally swore that he was satisfied with the result; saying it was well that it ended so, as a life led with such a villain as Blake would be one of torture and sorrow indeed.

"Barbara, can you not tell me the name of the man whom you saw in conversation with Mrs. Vickory!"
"I con"—said the girl slowly; and then, with a peculiar sadness in her large dark

eyes, she turned away saying: "But you will not ask me!" When they had left the office, Burr turned to John Sanborn saying: "John I know the man who was in league

with the woman Vickory." "Who is he?"

"Phillip Blake, alias Walter Dillon, for that is his right name!" "How did you learn it?" asked San

"Tom Arkright informed me of the pa ticulars yesterday as he learned them from his wife, Gertrude—for they were married yesterday at Bellville Park—it was a simple ceremony, and none but the

family was present.
"Myself and Madge will be married on Sunday, Sam, and that is the reason why I have called here—to ask you to be pres-

"I will, old boy, and I most heartily congratulate you. I hear that Madge was one of Mrs. Arkright's bridesmaid's "Yes, you know that Madeline was for-merly waiting-maid for Miss Weldon-or rather Kate Dillon at Windemere, and she was discharged to give place to the pois-

oner, Markham." "Well, old fellow, their troubles are over now, and there doesn't seem to be a single thing to mar the brightness of their

CHAPTER XXIX., AND LAST. WHICH WINDEMERK IS EVACUATED BY THE

BNEMY-AND THE CURTAIN FALLS. It would be impossible for our pen to secture the consternation of two of the nmates of Windemere, when they opened a newspaper received one morning, and found marked, under the head of marriages, the following.

At Belicille Park, July 15th, by Rev. Charles Jones, Thomas Arkright, of Lawrence, to Miss Kate Dillou of Brookline, (Windewsey).

(Windemere)." The paper fell from the trembling hands

of Peter Dillon, and he looked up into the white, startled face of Mrs. Markham who stood near. "I thought she was dead!" cried the

old man huskily.

The woman make no answer, but with a ghastly face and slow tottering step left

She had not gone five minutes before the door of the library was flung open, and Walter Dillon rushed into the room. "Well, father." he exclaimed, "you have eard the news?" "Yes." answered the old man mechan

ically, "We are rained!" "Yes, ruined!" returned the son, "and all through the infernal folly of that ac-cursed Markham!"

"Walter," cried the old man, springing to his feet—"I will not listen to such words -that woman is my wife!"
"By Heavens, I always thought so! That is more of your childish folly! What do

you intend doing?"
"I intend leaving this place at once and Her marriage has ended my guardianship. And with that Mr. Peter Dillon left the

Two days after that when Thomas Ark right and his wife, the beautiful Kate, ar rived they found the house empty, all the servants having been discharged, and everything betokening a hurried depart-

What became of her uncle and the wois wife, they never learned, though some months afterwards, information came to them indirectly, that Walter Dillon, alias "Phillip Blake" had met his death in a frightful railroad accident—and a few months later still, the happy Tom Ark-right read a letter he had received from the party principally interested, informing them of the marriage of Samuel Burr, Esq., to Barbara Glendon—she would nev-er assume the name of Blake—and that Sam was going to Europe with his bride and "Uncle Osborn," to spend the honey-

THE END. Sense and Sentiment. Michael Angelo: Genius is eternal pa-

Jean Paul: The dream of lite is dream ed upon too hard a bed.

Pope: For modes of faith let graceless zeal-t-fight; His can't be wrong whose I fe is in the right. Ik Marvel: The stroke that blasts life's blasts also its smile. Phillip James Baily: All up-hill work when we would do; all down hill when we suffer.

Hafiz: Thou learnest no secret until thou knowest friendship; since to the un-sound no heavenly knowledge enters.

Schiller:
Tis Jupiter who be ngs whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings everything that's fair.
Lytton: Dream, O youth—dream manfully and nobly, and thy dreams shall be

prophets.

Irving: Nature, when she grants but one child, always compensates by making it a prodigy. Anon: Define a goutleman, you say? We I, yes, I think

Bernhard Cotta: Our ancestors may be a great honor to us; but it is much better if we are an honor to then

Emerson: The flower of civilization is the finished man, the man of sense, of ac lishment, of social power, the gen

All men are more eloquent than women made But women are more powerful to persuade. Shelley: It is ever a proof that the falsehood of a proposition is felt by those who use coercion, not reasoning, to procure its admission.

Beaconsfield: If a nation be led to aim at the good and great, whatever be its form, the government will respond to its convictions and its sentiments.

Bobart: I think that day lost whose descending sun Views from thy hand no worthy action done E. S. Phelps: The level we strike in the soul that touches us most nearly is al-most surely to be the high-water mark of

Hugo: Nature is pitiless; she never withdraws her flowers, her music, her joy ousness, and her sunlight from before her man cruelty and suffering.

Anon:
Old age is not a friend I wish to meet;
And if some day to see me he should come
I'd lock the door as he walked up the street,
And ery, "Most honored sir, I'm not at
home!"

it the most it is but six to the dozen. Anon: A man can no more penetrate or anderstand the mysteries of female fash-ons than he can know what the ladies talk about when they go up-stairs after

George Eliot: Things don't happen be

Emerson: Poetry is the perpetual en-leavor to express the spirit of the thing, to pass the brute body, and search the life and reason which causes it to exist.

Jean Ingelow: They are poor who have lost nothing; they are poorer far, who, los-ing, have forgotten; they most poor of all who lose and wish they might forget.

Emerson:

Two things thou shall not not long for, if thou love a mind serene:

A woman to thy wife, though she were a crowned queen:

And the second, berrowed money—though the smiling lender say

He will not demand the debt until the Judgment Day.

Giles: When one thoughtfully consid-

Ouida: With a vacillating man I never had any patience. If Esau chose to be foolish and sell his birthright, I like him to do it with a dash, and a spirit and a will of his own, not to stand shilly-shallying between the two, hankering after one, yet wondering whether the other is not bet-

Holmes: A woman that gets hold of a bit of manhood is like one of those Chinese wood-carvers who work on any old fantastic root that comes to hand. I should like to see any kind of a man distinguish-able from a gorilla, that some good and even pretty woman, could not shape a husband out of.

Other off, or the state of the

"Why did you take your boy away from my school?" asked a teacher an old Negro. "Wall, I tell ver. I heard de white folks say dat de Nigger was in need ob higher eddycation, an' I sent my boy up on de hill.—Arkansaw Traveler.

mean thing to a man who has done a mean thing to you. The old proverb "Because the cur has bitten me, shall I bite the cur?" If a cough disturbs your sleep, take Piso's Cure for consumption and rest well.

A Genuine Dandruff Eradicator. A Genuine Dandruff Eracicator.

The solvent properties of crude off are so well established that it is unnecessary to quote examples. Suffice it to say that this property slone makes crude off one of the very best dangruff eradicators in the world. Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, is made from crude off devoid of smell, and is guaranteed to remove scurf and dandruff most effectually. Try it and see for yourself.

My Leitzer will have the seed as Mr. Vancente.

Mr. Irving will have the use of, as Mr. Van-derblit's guest, the largest mirror, it is said, in this country, which his host has lately pur-chased for his benefit.

SPRING LAKE, CAYUGA CO., N. Y.

Rhumatism for sixteen years. A part of the time I could not leave the house, and many weeks I was confined to my chair, being unable to leave it without help, and for three long years I was compelled to use crutches and the pain I suffered, no one can realize—except those who have been similarly afflicted I called different physicians and tried many different kinds of liniments, but obtained no relief. My limbs were day by day being drawn more and more out of shape, and I had become completely discouraged, and supposed that I was doomed to suffer on until death put an end to my pain, when I heard of your Rheumatic Svrup, and immediately commenced its use, and in less than one week I could see that it was help-ing me and after using it two months I was completely cured and to-day I am as well as ever. Rheumatic Syrup is truly a wonderful medicine for cleans-ing the blood and is certainly a positive cure for rheumatism, and cannot fail to

meet with great success.

Iam, most respectfully yours,
FRANK SHOECRAFT.

HAY Fever. One and one-half bottles of Ely's Cream Balm entirely cured me of Hay Fever of ten years' standing. Have had no trace of it for we years.—ALBERT A. PERRY, Smithboro, N. Y. Price 50c

The genuine "Hough on Coros" is made only by E.S. Wells (Proprietor of "Hough on Bats") and has bunghing face of a man on labels. He. A 25c. Hottles PUNE COD-LIVER UIL MADE FOR Selected fivers on the sea-shore, by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co. New York. It is shoolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have oncetaken it prefer it to all owners. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other collection market.

sicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market.

Chapped Hands, Face Pindles, and rough Skin cured by using Junder Tan Soar, made by Caswell. Harand & Co. New York.

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE. "Rough on Rats clears outrats, mice, lies, roaches, bed-burs. ISc.

Lyon's Patent Metalic Heel Stiffeners keep new boots and shoes from running over. Sold by shoe and hardware dealers.

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and visor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence. \$1.

Hay Fever. I was severely afflicted with Hay-Fever for 25 years. I tyled Ety's Cream Balm, and the effect was marvelous. It is a perfect cure.—Wil. T. Cann, Presbyterian Pastor, Elizabeth, N. J. Price Soc.

SYINGING, bystastion, inflammation, all Kidney, sod

FINGING, irritation, inflammation, all Kidn

The Duke of Teck is hiding his poverty and his head in Florence.

Mr. J. A McBeth, Pacific Express office, Denver, Colo., was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of an exeruciating pain in the neck, and also tooth-ache. One application did the work.

Sunset Cox entered Congress from Ohio when he was thirty-two years of

A western paper says that "by this time all down easters have got their houses banked up and have laid in a supply of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment." It would be a wise thing for people hereabouts to lay in the Anodyne. It is the most valuable liniment in the world.

counterfeit sovereigns afloat in Great

the large packs now sold are trash, only one kind now known in this country are absolutely pure and those are Sheridan's.

There are fourteen Chinamen in New Hamp-

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire and stop at the Grand Union Hotel opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one milition dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railrond to all depots. Families can iim better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

A chateau valued at \$600,000 was burned in

DETROIT, Mich., March 31, 1882.

DR. PENGELLY, Kalamazoo:—

Dear Sir—It is against my principles to give testimonials respecting the merits of proprietary medicines, but the Woman's Friend, now Zoa-Phora, is my friend because it has relieved my wife, in her last two confinements, of the unutterable agrony which attended her first labor. She used the Friend for about one month previous to expected confinement, and to use her own language, "would not be without it, under such circumstances, for the world."

J. H. P.

N. B.—The above letter is from a preminent

word.

N. B.—The above letter is from a preminent
Michigau man. To any one wishing to write
to him we will give his full address. R. PENGELLY & Co. Sold by Druggists. Of the many remedies before the public for Nervous Debility and weakness of Nerve Gen-erative system, there is none equal to Allen's Brain Food, which promptly and permanemly restores all lost vigor; it never fails. \$1 pkg., 6 for \$5.—At d'uggists, or by mail from J. H. Allen, 315 First Ave., New York City.

More Than all other Lung Remedies. Is what E. W. Fairman a druggist at Day-ton, Ind., writes about the sale of Allen's Lung Balsam. He has sold it for eight years and it gives satisfaction in all cases.

Brown's Bronchial Troches for Coughs and Colds: "The only article of the kind which has done me good service. I want nothing better."—Rec. R. H. Craig, N. Y. Sold only the bayes. mly in boxes.

From the Earl of Airlie's famous berd of Aberdeen-Angus cattle at Cortachy castle, a fine lot has been consigned to the far west of An enricher of the blood and purifier of the system: cures lassitude and lack of energy; such is Brown's Iron Bitters.

The annual interest on the debt of the Brook lyn Bridge is stated to be \$750,000. At present the net carnings are not over \$50,000 a year. Where the \$700,000 will come from remains to

LUNG BALSAM A Good Family Remedy!

THAT WILL CURE Coughs, Colds, Croup,

br. Meredith, Denist of 'Incinatii was thought to be in the last stages of consumption and was incounced by his friends to try Allen's Lung Balwas shown him. We have his letter that it at once cured his cough and thathe was sole to resume his practice.

Jeremiah Wright of Marion county, W.Vs., writes us that his wife had pulmonary consumption and was pronunced incurable by their physician when the use of Allen's cough and that he was sole to resume his practice.

CONSUMPTION.

wm. U. Digges merclaint of Bowling
Green, Vs. writes
April 4. 1881, that he
wants us to know that
the Lang Balasm has
cured his mother of
consumption after the
physician had given
her up as incurable.
He says others knowher up as incurable.
He says others knowher the Balasm and
been curse. He thinks
sil so afficted should
give its trust.

Lung Balsam is your hope. It has been tried by thousands such as you, who have been cured. Many in their gratitude have given their names to us, that suffering humanity can read their evidence and believe.

It is Harmless to the Most Delicate Child! It Contains no Opium in any Form!

Recommended by Physicians, Ministers and NU-838 In fact by overybody who has given it a good trial. It never Falls to Bring Relief.

As an Expectorant is has no Equal

SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

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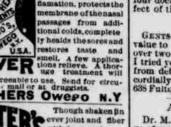
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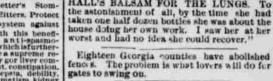


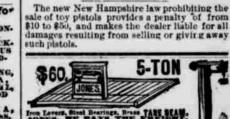












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